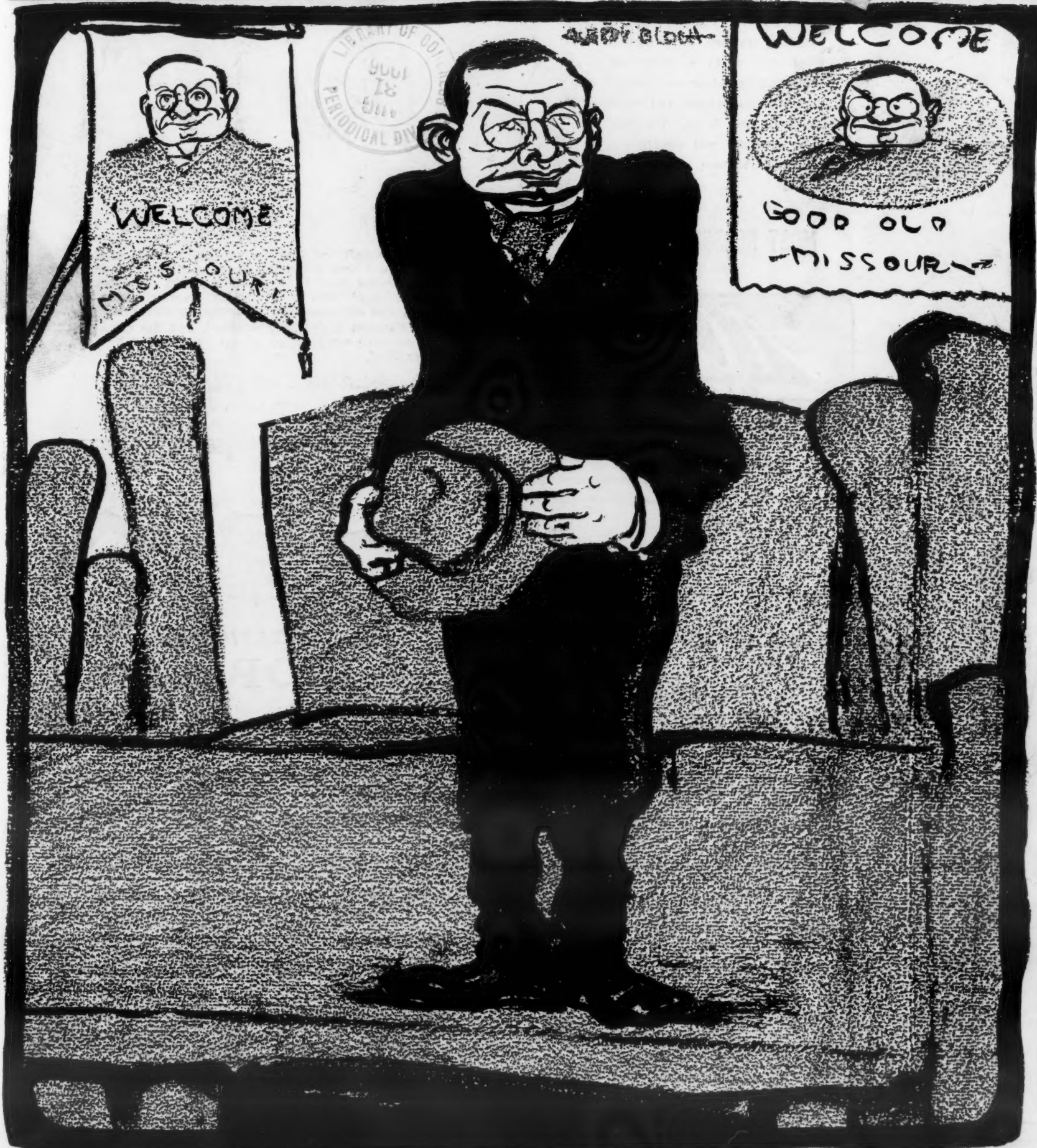


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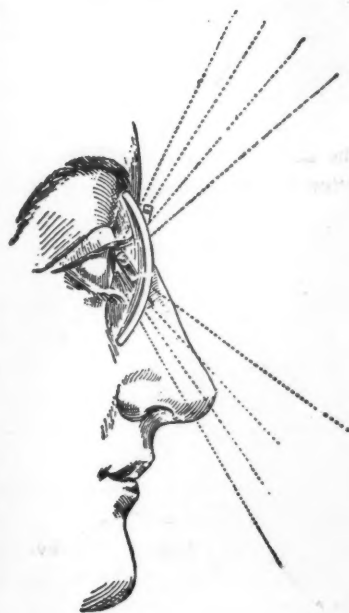
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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A Lemon for the Peerless?

By William Marion Reedy

ARE they handing Mr. William Jennings Bryan a large lemon in Gotham town, just now? It seems as if the answer to this is not "No!"

This is how the situation appears to me.

A congressional election campaign is on. Mr. Bryan is brought out to head the Democratic campaign. The campaign is against President Roosevelt. In fact, Mr. Bryan is, constructively, running against Mr. Roosevelt two years ahead of the time when Mr. Bryan should run, if at all.

What are the issues?

There is none.

So far as the Democrats thought they had an issue, it is vanished. President Roosevelt's letter to Congressman Watson takes all the wind out of the Democracy's sails. The Democrats want tariff reduction. The President wants it, too. The Democrats want restraint of the power of wealth. The President also wants this. The Democrats want regulation of corporate power and greed. The President desires the self-same thing.

Back of the President is his party—solidly, except for a few sympathizers with the powerful interests. The stand-patters are what stand-patters in poker usually are—bluffers.

The President's proposals are not guff. He has made good. He has tackled the railroads, taken a fall out of Standard Oil, razzle-dazzled the Beef Trust, prosecuted the big land thieves of the West, caused the dissolution of the Paper Trust and several others, passed a pure food law, punished postal frauds, and done other good, big works. No man ever made a more effective war upon privilege or capitalized predaeousness. Hypercriticasters have said the President "resigned," "quit," "lay down," "surrendered," "four-flushed" and what not. The fact is, that under the President's impetus the grip of the interests on the government has been broken. Public opinion has been profoundly influenced against legalized rascality in all the so-called higher realms of business. Moribund law has been vitalized against wrong-doing.

All this the people know.

"But," say the Democrats, "the President has only stolen Mr. Bryan's thunder." That's what Namby Pamby Phillips, the dramatist, said of another playwright who made a success of a play by appropriating Phillips' mechanical thunder, which was the only thing worth taking in one of the said Phillips' bad plays. But Theodore Roosevelt had more than artificial thunder. He launched bolts of lightning at the evil interests. Thunder, when it's real thunder, doesn't even sour milk.

Mr. Bryan said thus and so. Yes, President Roosevelt *has done* thus and so. There's the difference. The people are with "the man who does" as against "the man who says." Shakespeare stole from Holinshed, Lodge, Plutarch, Boccaccio, and from many another. But they do not dispute with Shakespeare his pre-eminence in the use of the ideas he found in their works.

The chances are, therefore, largely in favor of the Republicans winning out big in the Congressional elections. Times are good enough to justify us in

concluding that the people are not crazy for a change. The Republicans have done well. The President's letter promises a further prosecution of the good work which the Democrats demand. The President has kept his word. It is a fair assumption he will keep it in the future. The people so assume. Therefore the result of the election is almost certain to be another "vote of confidence" in Roosevelt. They will give him another chance to whip his party into line with his will.

President Roosevelt "has stolen Mr. Bryan's clothes." But they fit him well. They don't bag anywhere. They look well on him, to the people. Mr. Bryan appears to criticize the clothes that were cut to his own order, as he claims. Mr. Bryan comes back to this country to find fault with a programme that Theodore Roosevelt has put into operation and is prosecuting to its logical outcome.

The people may like Mr. Bryan. But even so; they like President Roosevelt, too. They like him for those things in which he is *sui generis*. They also like him for those things in which he bears resemblance to Mr. Bryan.

And they see focusing around Mr. Bryan a gang of politicians and a horde of representatives and beneficiaries of the interests who hate President Roosevelt because he has *done* the things that Mr. Bryan has *said*. The Bryan supporters of this type are fighting the Bryan in President Roosevelt. The schemers, the grafters, and piratical princes of privilege, the tools of corporations, the messenger boys of bucket shop magnates, and race track thieves are shouting for Mr. Bryan in order that they may, under cover of his prestige, get into control of the machinery of the Democratic party. Even Sullivan, in Illinois, with brutal irony, has his myrmidons "indorse" Mr. Bryan who denounces Sullivan as a "train robber."

The people know that Mr. Bryan was boosted and boomed in Missouri to squelch Mr. Folk; in New York to shut out the yellow-shrieking Hearst; in Ohio to spike the guns of Tom Johnson. The corruptionists fought by Folk, Hearst, Johnson and others like them are all for Bryan. But Mr. Bryan is not for them. Yet Mr. Bryan is put in the attitude of being endorsed by them.

To what end?

To check the further prosecution of President Roosevelt's war upon graft and privilege and high-financing piracy.

That these corruptionists may, if possible, get enough of their tools into Congress to prevent the carrying out of the President's programme.

Mr. Bryan is thus made a stalking horse for everything he is honestly opposed to. He is to be used as a cover for the Trusts to get men into Congress who will be tractable, and, at the same time, to give the men who are pretending to be for him, control of the party organization two years from now—when the Democratic nomination will be made. These interests will then pick the delegates and frame the platform.

Mr. Bryan is taking a long and wholly unnecessary chance in entering the fight now against the practical application of his own principles by President Roosevelt. With the odds heavily in favor of the triumph of the Republicans in the Congressional

elections. What becomes of Mr. Bryan should this triumph occur?

He is then a discredited man. His spell is gone. His personal potency is depreciated. He has had his opportunity to demonstrate his compelling power on the public's mind, and he has failed. He has run for President two years ahead of date and has been defeated!

When the time comes for the Democrats to nominate a candidate or President and Mr. Bryan's claims are put forward, what's the answer? Simply that Bryan has been *thrice* defeated—in 1896, in 1900, and in 1906—that he has been tried out in a preliminary canter and found deficient in speed and staying power.

But the States, here and there and everywhere, have declared for him. What force will a declaration of 1906 have in 1908, if Mr. Bryan in 1906 has failed to carry the Congressional elections against President Roosevelt? None at all.

Lots of Republicans don't want President Roosevelt renominated. They are graft and privileged Republicans, mostly. All who are against the renomination are not such Republicans, but all such Republicans are against the renomination. They want to see if Mr. Bryan can beat the President, now. If he can, the President will be out of the running in 1908. If he can beat the President, then the Republican party can be warned against further surrender to Rooseveltism.

Graft and privilege and ring and gang Democrats want to "feel out" Mr. Bryan. If he can win now, all right; they will slip into power under him. If he can't, they are in party power anyhow; they were loyal; and Mr. Bryan is out of the way. In the event of a Congressional defeat of Democrats under Mr. Bryan's leadership, he will be blamed for the disaster and the rescinding of all State declarations for and indorsements of him will be in order.

If Mr. Bryan wins out, President Roosevelt is out of the way, and there will be called a halt on the Roosevelt programme. If President Roosevelt wins out, Mr. Bryan will be shelved. There are two chances for the gangsters to win, and, besides, a chance that, in any event, the interests may slip enough of their friends into Congress to block any programme that is Bryanic or Rooseveltian or both.

Mr. Bryan will kill off President Roosevelt, or President Roosevelt will kill off Mr. Bryan, or the clash between them may kill them both or disable them; and then the grafters and the privilege brokers will have the say and sway in framing up candidates and platforms in both parties, with a platitudinous candidate like Parker on the Democratic side, and an equally platitudinous candidate like Fairbanks on the Republican side.

Mr. Bryan is being put up against the buzz-saw. He will be mangled, because the people want what both Mr. Bryan and President Roosevelt want, and they want it quick, and President Roosevelt is and will be for two years, where he can do what they want. The people, much as they admire Mr. Bryan, are not fools. They know that they have a chance next November to vote for what Mr. Bryan wants, by voting for Republican Congressmen pledged to support President Roosevelt in a policy that is essentially identical with that of Mr. Bryan. The President is in and can do what he says. Mr. Bryan is out and can't possibly get in for two years, and he may never get in. The people, therefore, will vote for getting what they understand both protagonists to stand for, at the earliest possible time.

A Republican victory in the Congressional elec-

tions is more than likely, and such a victory will defeat Mr. Bryan for the Democratic nomination in 1908.

A Democratic victory in the Congressional elections will check President Roosevelt in his fight against corruption and privilege; but a Democratic victory, by all the logic of politics, is impossible.

And suppose the Democrats do win this year! Then this argument will be used. Mr. Bryan didn't win. Not at all. What won was the fact that the people thought President Roosevelt had gone too far after Mr. Bryan. Therefore, it would be unwise to nominate Mr. Bryan for President, because, don't you see, if President Roosevelt was checked because he was too much like Bryan, then Mr. Bryan would be defeated because he is too much like Roosevelt. The times demand a new, conservative man. And so forth.

Such an argument will "go," too, because the men who will make it will have control of the Democratic machinery to select the delegates and formulate the platform of the next National Democratic Convention.

Mr. Bryan is now being put up in the prospect of being knocked out, even in knocking President Roosevelt out. He loses even if he wins. He is made to fight against himself. He is fighting the battles of those who hate both himself and the President.

The odds are all against a Democratic Congress, since the publication of the President's letter to Congressman Watson promising the things Democrats demand. Consequently Mr. Bryan's leadership of the fight for a Democratic Congress is practically predestined to failure and such failure will discredit him for leadership two years hence.

In fine, the interests, corrupt or selfish, in business and politics, are playing him against the President to destroy them both. They are manipulating both parties in order to stop the progress of reform. They are playing Mr. Bryan for a "sucker." They want to put out all the idealist politicians at once—Folk, Cummins, La Follette, Tom Johnson, Jerome *et al.* They are handing Mr. Bryan a lemon.

Here's hoping, for the sake of the people's interests in all parties, that he doesn't take the lemon, though we must confess that his golden mouth seems to water for the citrus morsel.

"The Unwritten Law"

By Perth

"THE unwritten law," basis of badger games and protecting "statute" for violent husbands who do homicide under pretense of defending their "honor," has been overworked recently. There is not one in a thousand cases where a man is killed for commerce with another's wife in which the sin is grave enough to merit death. The shooting of James J. Brophy on Thursday night by Michael J. McNamara prompts these reflections.

If violence of this kind is condoned and passed unpunished, we can boast of but small progress in our civilization. In the Stone Age, when one hairy man came home and found another in the cave with his woman, he cracked the intruder on the head with his obsidian hatchet. The only difference in the modern instance is a change in weapons; the violent, uncontrolled passion and thirst for vengeance are the same in both cases.

The sentiment which is at the bottom of this sort

of thing has no more place in the present day than duelling or other forms of avenging so-called honor with death and violence. It is just because it is so hard to secure a jury which will convict in cases of the kind, that there are so many of them.

There are written laws to cover all manner of crimes, and these should be allowed to take their course. A sinning woman should not be allowed to be excused for killing men with impunity.

It is argued that the sudden rush of passion on the part of the husband is an extenuating circumstance. It is not; no more than when one man kills another in the heat of a saloon brawl.

The real honor of a man is not blemished by the actions of his wife or anyone else. He is responsible for himself and no one else in the world can be responsible for him. It is the better plan to let passion cool, then wash your hands forever of the wife. To kill her and her paramour does not mend the home. It is simply vengeance and nothing else.

Suppose a man "meets up with" a woman on the street by chance and follows her to a hotel, is that a crime worthy of death? In judging such cases the standpoint of the man slain should be taken, and justice meted according to written and not to sentimental unwritten laws.

The woman in this case met two men the evening she was killed; first a young man whom she left just before meeting the older man with whom she was killed by her husband. With Brophy she walked around the block, almost as if the meeting were accidental, before entering the hotel. When Brophy was registering for both and the husband appeared on the scene, the wife, who saw the avenger while Brophy did not, called to the hotel clerk: "Tell that man to run." She would seem not even to have known Brophy's name. So that whatever Brophy may have been, he does not seem to have been a despoiler of the home.

This unwritten law idea is overdone. Unwritten law of this sort means an anarchy of private vengeance, a succession of individual lynchings, upon any evidence or no evidence at all. I may kill you for going with a woman whom you did not know to be my wife. You may kill me for stopping on the street at the signal of some person whom I take to be but a cruiser of the pavements.

Anyone may assassinate you or me with no excuse other than a foolish belief in a state of facts utterly at variance with truth. If he thinks we have violated his home, that's enough to justify him. This comes of the loose talk in justification of lynching. Such talk gives a bogus, sentimental sanction to acts of vengeance. If any murder is palliated by the mere claim under the unwritten law, it is plain that many murders for other motives than "honor" may be planned and carried out under the sanction of that law.

McNamara is not more blameable than others. He was maddened by what he saw. Then he slew. It is not the individual case, however, that we consider. If we are to live under any form of law we cannot sanction this growing fashion that anyone or everyone is entitled to act as judge, jury and executioner of his fellowman on the claim of stained honor.

I know McNamara and I knew Brophy. There is nothing in the case in which they have come to public attention that condemns one more than the other. McNamara acted up to the standard of our later bastard chivalry, according to his lights. Brophy thought he was after fair game. The woman didn't know Brophy well enough to call him "Jim" when she warned him against her approaching husband. At that she appears

better than Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, of New York, who promoted rather than tried to prevent a murder under this "unwritten law."

I have no desire that McNamara shall be hanged. But it is my desire that this bogus sentiment about the unwritten law should be wiped out. If each man is to be a law unto himself to the extent of taking the life of others we arrive at social chaos. And it is significant of our degraded ideals that we tolerate this passion for private life-taking while we won't stand at all for the taking of property. We put the dollar above the man. We are too ready in private killing and yet we are inclining to favor the abolishment of capital punishment by the State. We abandon a government by deliberation and reason and set up a government of passion and even of suspicion. This unwritten law is lawlessness or anarchy. It puts men's lives at the mercy of any wanton who may solicit them. Men should beware the woman, of course; but they won't, since man is "imperfectly monogamous," and that is not a crime punishable with death. As for killing the woman who betrays one; that is silly. When one has been betrayed and has found it out, he is fortunate to be well rid of the woman without murder, since it costs money to defend even an unwritten law murder these days and in ninety cases out of a hundred the executioner of the man or woman or both, in a liaison, is not himself so much without similar sin as to be justified in casting the stone.

The Saloon in Missouri

By W. M. R.

L ID-LADEN St. Louis is not aware to what an extent the saloon question is a live-wire issue out in the State. The fact is that the question is intensely paramount in the rural districts and "wet vs. dry" fights in various sections overshadow the broader issues and imperil all partisan calculations. Booze or no booze may materially affect the political status of the next Legislature. Prohibitionists are very active in both parties. Liberals, in rural regions, have to be cautious in proclaiming their liberality. Many a statesman who comes down to St. Louis or goes up to Kansas City and cuts loose with John Barleycorn and denounces fanaticism to the saloon politician, sings a different song up home. That's what they did as to Folk. They came to town and roasted Folk and then went home and fell in line with their people for him. You can't trust Mr. Rusin-urbs when he talks to the boys in town. The anti-liquor fight is on everywhere more or less. And the antis gain strength every day as the people learn how the Sunday law is made a mockery of in St. Louis county. Fred Essen, Herpel, Johnston and the St. Louis county crowd generally are doing more for Prohibition than fifty Father Coffeys or fifty Rev. W. B. Palmores could ever do.

What's been a-doing in this liquor fight, within the last two years? In that time thirty-four counties have voted on local option. Of these twenty-eight adopted local option and six rejected it. The total vote for local option was 42,356; the total vote against was 29,082; majority for local option 13,274. There are nine other counties in the State that have no saloons, 37 in all. At such a ratio of votes for and against what would be the result of a vote in the other seventy-seven counties of the State? It would seem that the prospects for the "wets" are not roseate. Since these facts were compiled Gentry county has gone "dry" and Phelps county "wet." In sixteen other counties the

fight is waging and in some of them the question will come to a vote within the next ten days. The number of licensed saloons in the three largest cities July 1st was 3,371. The number of saloons in the whole State on the same date was 5,275. The State outside the cities contains only 1,904 saloons. This is 684 less than in St. Louis alone. Two years ago there were in the State 7,591 saloons, so that there has been a falling off in two years of 2,316 saloons. This shows a drift towards Prohibition, with a vengeance. In 1904 there were thirteen counties in the State having no saloons. The gain of the dries since then has been just twenty-four counties or nearly 100 per cent.

The local option law is full of blow holes and has been knocked out after popular adoption in many counties, but such knockouts amount to nothing. When the people want local option they will have it. While some counties go "dry," cities in those counties go "wet," but the security of the liquor-selling privilege in such cities is very precarious.

The loss of the license money for 2,316 saloons is a serious impairment of the State's revenue, of course, but the argument from the profit to the State of permitting the traffic doesn't seem to weigh much with the country people. It impresses the beneficiaries of wetness exclusively.

These figures demonstrate that the MIRROR has been right in advising the big brewing interests against forcing the fighting on the Sunday law or other features of liquor regulation when the tide is running so strong against them. They would only be endangering their property by inviting out-and-out Prohibition.

The plight of the liquor interests suggests some consideration. No one relishes the idea, for instance, of the ruin of the great St. Louis brewing interest. Liquor isn't the most unmitigated blessing in the world, but it is a fact that city people do not appear to favor the elimination of the drinking place as do the country people. If people in St. Louis want saloons and want them open on Sunday they should be given a chance to decide the point that way. St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph should be granted the right to decide whether they want a dry Sunday. How they would decide is a dubious matter, for all the seeming inclination towards an open Sunday. Doubtless under old conditions, with the boys absolutely supreme in the election booths and voting the "slips" unrestrainedly, the "wets" would win by a majority limited only by the endurance of the repeaters and the counters. But let the people get worked up; let all the pastors thunder; let the women—the greatest sufferers from liquor evils—arouse themselves; let the bogus names be purged from the registration lists; let the "iron clads" be eliminated from the list of judges and clerks as the present Board of Election Commissioners is revising and purging the lists and books and then what would be the result? How many men loudly denouncing the lid, though not interested in the liquor or cigar or other related business, would vote as he talks to his saloon-keeping acquaintances?

The MIRROR doesn't pretend to be able to answer these questions. All the MIRROR does is to say that, while it doesn't believe in governmental coddling or moral strait-jacketing of the people, or controlling appetites, or making men and women good by laws, it recognizes the strong tide of sentiment against the saloon and as this is synchronous with a spreading revolt against politicians, and saloons and politicians are closely related, indications are that the brewers would be unwise to raise any issue for the triumph of which they would have to depend upon the politicians. The farther the brewers keep away from the politi-

cians the better for the brewers and the liquor interests generally, for the politicians can't do anything but "touch" the liquor interest for money that will never get past the politicians' purses.

Jeff's Paretic Parergon

By W. M. R.

M R. JEFFERSON CHANDLER, antagonist of public ownership, was, and, perhaps is, an attorney for the Suburban Railway Company. Incident to his work for that corporation, he devotes himself to the minor work of saving the public from itself. He doesn't think the State or city should undertake municipal ownership of anything that has ever, under private ownership, yielded a school tax. Therefore, the city shouldn't exempt the Henry Shaw property, or the Exposition site, once owned by the Lucases and given for a park, or the Mullanphy Emigrant fund, or the Cupples property given to the Methodist church, or St. Ann's Asylum given to charity by Mrs. Ann Biddle, or the property given to charity by Adolphus Busch, or the late R. M. Scruggs, or Dr. Barnes, or the Mullanphy Hospital. All these properties once yielded a revenue to the school fund. They are now exempt. Therefore, according to Mr. Chandler, their exemption is unconstitutional. Which reduces the thing to an absurdity.

Now a public utility is a public property by its very nature. It cannot be established except by the grant of a right by the people. It cannot be operated except under permit from the people. It exists and operates by virtue of the community ownership transferred temporarily to the individuals operating the utility.

Public ownership is an inherent, integral, fundamental element in every public utility property. The chief value of every public utility property is the value of what the State or city contributes in rights to public property to the individuals or corporations operating utilities.

Mr. Chandler goes to the absurdity then of asserting that the community cannot take what originally belongs to it and is never alienated. A public utility corporation, according to Mr. Chandler, is greater than the community which creates the corporation and loans the public property to the corporation. The creature is greater than the creator. Again Mr. Chandler is absurd.

The public should take the public utilities just because the private holders of those utilities *do not pay a school tax or any other tax* on what they hold and use of the property of all the people—the streets and alleys and roads of Nation, State and City. Public operation of untaxed public utilities would not divert any appreciable sum from the school tax, for the main values of the privately operated utilities—the franchises—are not adequately taxed.

The community can take back what belongs to it when the community is swindled. Let the buyer beware. But Mr. Chandler would have the seller beware, or the lessor. Mr. Chandler views a franchise as a contract. He holds with Chief Justice John Marshall and ex-Supreme Justice Billy Marshall, now the counsel of the race track and the bucket shops. He and they wouldn't impair the obligations of contracts. Oh, no.

But the Nation, the State, the City must stand for broken contracts when public utility corporations evade their just taxes, when they secure their franchises by fraud and crime. The public service corporations are greater than the Constitution of the

State, or of the Union. They are beyond the reach of the people whose property they use and whose favor is the excuse for their existence.

Mr. Chandler's law and logic are impressive but—paretic.

Reflections

FOLK may be the next Democratic nominee for President, notwithstanding the "doings" over Bryan. "You can't keep a squirrel on the ground."

Labor's Superstition.

LABOR has the politicians scared, but unfortunately not even Samuel Gompers can stamp out the working-man's superstition that a protective tariff keeps up his wages. The Union man is a protectionist. If he were not, he wouldn't be a Union man. It is not anticipated that Labor will change the complexion of Congress, though it will probably get the scalps of some candidates noted for their antagonism to organized labor.

FEARSOME slump in all the Republican presidential booms. The President won't keep still long enough to let the people focus their attention upon any other man in his party.

Cuba's Rebellion.

THAT Cuban rebellion is a small affair, but it means much. It means that President Palma has been playing in with the Yankee capitalist crowd that has been grabbing and exploiting everything on the islands. The rebellion is not a big one, but it has enough genuine Cuban sentiment back of it to prevent any people of the United States getting too enthusiastic for its suppression. The uprising is a Cuban family affair which we must let them settle between themselves. We have no business interfering. And we shouldn't be deluded into believing we have when the capitalist interests ask for protection of their graft. Let the interests take their chances under the laws of the land they operate in.

BUCKET-SHOPS, it seems, can be raided and closed everywhere but in Missouri. Only in Missouri are bucket-shop thieves on the head set in the politics of both great parties.

Roosevelt's Ophelism.

NOTHING worth worrying about in President Roosevelt's spelling reform order. Most of the three hundred words he wants spelled the way the reformers suggest are already spelled that way. And the *Literary Digest* and Elbert Hubbard have long been devoted to "tho" for "though" and "thru" for "through." There are many thousands of people who spell so in their private correspondence. There is nothing very radical in the President's order. You don't have to spell his way, if you don't want to. Most of the changes in the words listed are sensible enough. For the MIRROR's part, the objection to a general sweeping reform in spelling that has most weight is the consideration that its adoption will largely obliterate all the history and romance of words and obtund many niceties of meaning. It isn't right to mutilate words so that all trace of their origin shall be lost. It isn't right to take all the flexibility and virility out of our speech by cribbing, cabining and confining it in arbitrary rules. It is a sin against the art of words to destroy the beauties of structure that symbolize their

distant and often glorious antecedents. The President may spell like a man who doesn't know how, if he will. Those of us who love our common English speech will continue to take delight in the anatomy of words and the souls of them. The Chief Executive's ophelism may attract some, but for us we hold some still by the value of beauty as against the consideration of mere utility.

THE Theatrical Trust seems determined to unload all its chestnuts on St. Louis in the early part of the season. Our local theater-managers can't help themselves. They must take what is given them. Maybe if St. Louisans refuse to go to worm-eaten shows the Trust will send us something better.

Bombs.

WE may not altogether approve of the bomb, but just a little more terrorism in Russia just now is likely to convince the autocrat and his advisers that dissolving and dismissing the Duma have not done away with the demand of the people for a voice in the government and for a share in the mighty vastitudes of land which the aristocrats hold by no shadow of warrant under any recognized law of God or man.

A Remedy at Hand.

ONCE more the MIRROR suggests that the new railroad rate regulation law gives the Interstate Commerce Commission authority to act upon the so-called bridge arbitrary or differential. If this is an injustice to St. Louis, let the citizens bring the matter before the Commission and have it adjudicated. No use fooling ourselves with the hope or faith that Mayor Wells' Terminal Commission will do anything to the arbitrary or that his administration will in any way forward the free bridge project for which bonds have been voted.

For Dave

DAVE FRANCIS is dining with kings and seeing emperors, and even if he is a Titan of Tight Wads, o'd St. Louis can't help being a little proud of him for his dexterity in keeping perfect pace with the spot-light of diurnal history. If he be not a great man, as many assert, yet he is a man that gets the full value out of his talent. Into our jeer let's infuse a little cheer for the man who won't allow himself to be lost.

Iconoclast

By Jeannette I. Helm

I KNOW not which of you I hate the more—
The idol false which blinded me
Or you, whose clumsy hand so rudely tore
The veil from my divinity!

Was I not happier far when kneeling there
Before that self-made god of mine,
Than when you swept the flowered altar bare,
And left me with an empty shrine?

What though my idol's feet were wholly clay—
Might not my faith have turned them gold,
As when the pallid East by full-flushed Day
Is changed to glories manifold?

Yea, hate is mine, but chiefly for this last:
That of the whole world it was you
Yourself who played the stern Iconoclast,
Yet are the fallen idol too!

—September Smart Set.

Slops and Suds

A DISPUTE rages on the question whether beer should be kept cold, as in St. Louis, or merely cool, as in Milwaukee. The St. Louis Eagles at the recent gathering in Milwaukee couldn't drink the brew of that place. This is conclusive. It is the first evidence of record that St. Louis Eagles were ever unequal to the task of guzzling anything. Whatever a St. Louis Eagle cannot swallow must be æsophagically non-negotiable. The MIRROR is willing to believe that Milwaukee beer is unbibbable, when the greatest living Eagle, our own One Wing Kennedy, on his recent flight there, was forced to devote himself exclusively to Old Bushmill, and Col. Joe Traummiller came very near dying of thirst in that beer-soaked burg. Absolutely necessary to the higher forms of life, such as prevail in St. Louis, is "a little Falstaff after six o'clock," or "a bunch of Budweiser between noon and night," with a little of Otto Stifel's or Zack Tinker's Columbia or the Koehler's A. B. C., or Louis Haase's Empire for a delicious change in the monotony. The New York *Sun* says we don't know how to drink beer in St. Louis. That is a slander, but it might be worse. That paper might have said we don't know how to make beer in St. Louis, which would be refuted by the world-wide supremacy we have attained for that product, since it is St. Louis that makes the beer that makes Milwaukee jealous. Moreover, one great Milwaukee brewery was established by exiles from St. Louis, and another wouldn't be what it is if its head hadn't taken to wife the daughter of a great St. Louis brewer. When the names of Blatz, Pabst and Schlitz are lost in the night of time, the names of Busch and Lemp and others dear to us will be of sweet savor on the tongues and in the minds of men; yea, they may even outlast the name of Folk himself, even as "the bust outlasts the throne, the coin, Tiberius." In the chaste language of our ever-to-be-revered local connoisseur of all good things, One Wing Kennedy: "Milwaukee is the slops; good old St. Louis is the suds proper."

THE Standard Oil Company has been indicted on 6,482 counts for rebating. If found guilty on all of them, the company may be fined \$128,560,000. Impressive isn't it? But ten days in jail for Rockefeller, Rogers, Archbold and the other big shareholders would be more effective for stopping rebate graft.

Chance for a Mighty Drama

WE hope that Augustus Thomas will well observe, mark, note and inwardly digest, to-day, the entity designated as Col. Mose Wetmore as it functions itself at the Bryan reception ceremonies. We hope that Mr. Thomas will some day dramatize Col. Wetmore. It need not be in a tank drama either. He can build up one immortal climax on the way Mose shook down the Tobacco Trust and another on the incident when Col. Mose, having been chosen a Missouri elector for Parker, said to his friends: "I'll lead the ticket, because I walked during the street-car strike." The Colonel lived at the Planters' House, and his office was in the Union Trust Building—four blocks away. Mr. Thomas might show us Mose rebuking Harry Hawes for smashing Bryan's picture by throwing it at the Jefferson Club's monkey, the night Edward Fourflush Goltra's partner in a steel trust mill was counted in as Mayor of St. Louis. The last scene might show Bryan on Goltra's yacht being "received"—but no, 'twould never do to have the play end so sadly: with the hero in the hands of

the receivers. It might be better to end the play by showing Bryan elected and tendering Dave Francis the same portfolio of the Interior which Cleveland tendered the same Francis when Hoke Smith had to resign from the Cabinet in order to support Bryan. Fine! Magnanimous! And so heartening to Democrats who stuck to Bryan when Dave went off with the Gold Bugs.

♦♦

MR. THOMAS JEFFERSON ROWE is going to run for Congress in the Twelfth Missouri district. He is the great Liberator, having cleared Col. Ed. Butler in three trials for fee-taking and splitting in legislation. For such service to the party Mr. Rowe is entitled to anything he may ask.

♦♦

Canny W. J. B.

MR. BRYAN has written a serious reply to Lowes Dickinson's wholly satirical "Letters from a Chinese Official" criticizing American ideals, actions and government. Worse still, he published his book after learning that what he was answering was a joke. Worse still, he claims to write with especial knowledge of the heart and spirit of China after being only a fortnight in the Celestial Empire. He puts out the book when his home-coming triumph will best boom it. Mr. Bryan has small sense of humor, but he knows how to get "the coin."

♦♦

Teaching Us What's What

MR. EDWARD H. HARRIMAN is flourishing luxuriantly these days as a financial compeller. He has been doing some daring plunging, and indulging in Napoleonic coups that are chiefly Napoleonic because they are supposed to be big things not amenable to the moral law. After looting insurance funds and declaring dark-lantern dividends in Union Pacific, he is grabbing the St. Paul road something after the manner of John W. Gates. Maybe Harriman will succeed in his schemes, but it will be only temporarily. The other pirates in Wall street waters will "go after" and "get" him when they think he has a pile worth the effort of taking it away from him. Let these things flourish. They do good. They show the people how the big financiers simply play with the money the people earn for them. They rake down money that can only come from the people through plunder in prices and on rates. They grow rich on the increment of the property of the people, on the rights of the people bartered to such captains, and never duly paid for. All this juggling of railroads is only trafficking in the rights of way, which belong to all the people, speculating on what can be got out of the people for service on roads that belong to the people. The greater and more spectacular the game becomes the surer the people are soon to see that all these values are values dependent upon the people themselves, created by themselves—values upon which the people themselves get no return—values that the holders of the franchise pocket without earning. These great financial maneuvers hasten the coming of the day of "the land for the people," the day of the application of the salvatory truths of Henry George to present conditions. More power to the pirates who do evil, it is true, but know not the great universal good that is to come of it.

♦♦

Kinney As An Omen

THE Democracy and Tom Kinney will be welcoming Bryan this day. If only all Democracy were as certain of results as Tom Kinney, Bryan would broaden that everlasting smile! If only the

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United States were the Fourth Ward of St. Louis, or vice versa! Ah, then the presidency were certain; nay, more, inevitable, ineluctable. Is Tom's presence in many-masted Manahatta a good omen for the Orator of the Platte?

♦♦♦

To Check "Auto" Evils

By W. M. R.

THERE is much clamor and denunciation against automobilists because of speed. Much of it is justified but more of it is foolish. Speed is entirely relative in its danger. There are hours when on Lindell or West Pine boulevard or other West End streets, twelve miles an hour is too fast. Yet there are hours late at night, when the road is clear and no cross-cars are running, that forty or fifty miles an hour is not a dangerous rate. Yet the police arrest a speeder at the later hours as at the former.

In England, a commission has recommended the abolition of a speed limit on automobiles, leaving to the constabulary a discretion in determining the danger of speed according to the hour and the locality. Limits are set on speed only at turnings of roads and in places where the traffic on the roads naturally suggests a slowing down of the machines. Fixing a limit incites drivers to go beyond it. And here the temptation is strong to speed her up and have a little brush with the cops in the skidoodle wagon as soon as that wagon is sighted. Needless to say that the skidoodle wagon in hot chase of another machine is as dangerous as the pursued speeder. Thus there are two speed dangers where there was one. The rationale of the matter is that only a fool will go fast where the danger of accident is evident. Only a fool will go slow where the conditions minimize the danger. Automobilists are not looking for accidents. They cost too much. And most of the drivers arrested are taken in rather late at night when their speed is not a danger, however much even a lesser speed might be a danger in the crowded hours on the same thoroughfares. This thing of arresting for speed of itself, independent of the circumstances, is an absurdity.

As for reckless chauffeurs they can be suppressed under the right kind of a law. No chauffeur should be licensed except on proved competency to handle the machine. He shouldn't be taken for granted as competent to run a Franklin because he ran a Welch, or a Lozier because he ran a Pope-Toledo. He should not be permitted to run a machine after he has been guilty of reckless and wrecking racing. If he has gone out drunk and smashed one machine, he should

not be permitted to run a machine for another employer. The chauffeur who has the habit of giving his girls a spin in his employer's machine without the employer's permission should be ineligible to a place with another employer. No chauffeur who gets drunk should be licensed anywhere. A law could be drawn to make for rigid official examination of drivers and the examiners should have authority, upon examination, to revoke permits for certain palpable causes. The chauffeurs should have a card. That card should have to be vided and endorsed by proper municipal authority at certain times. It should be non-transferable, on penalty of forfeiture. No owner would have a chauffeur who didn't come with a properly stamped official card and a letter from his former employer. The cards of one city should not be acceptable in others without a rigorous examination in the city to which the chauffeur comes anew. The examination and licensing of chauffeurs could be conducted as now cities examine and license stationary engineers. Every fatality of automobiling should be inquired into by such a department in connection with the coroner's inquest to determine just what blame attached to the driver. No driver should be licensed over the protest of an owner who had discharged the driver for a reckless performance. Moral character should be looked into with regard to chauffeurs. In short, a licensing examining board co-operating with owners could suppress the reckless chauffeur and the owners' associations of various cities could easily get up an arrangement to prevent the ready employment in one city of men deprived of licenses for cause in another. The owners will have to co-operate with the authorities. They can get the laws all right, since the necessary laws mean more offices to fill. Owners of automobiles are of a class not lacking in influence. As for the chauffeurs, they will have a union in time, but their union will be strengthened by laws that must tend to keep down the number of drivers and keep up the wages.

The automobile speed question will be solved without arbitrary and absurd limitations upon speed, when the owners get together and agree on some laws to discipline their hired drivers. The laws may hold the owner as well as the chauffeur responsible for violation of regulations. The crazy speeder needn't be pursued at his own speed. He can be summoned into court by reference to his license numbers. Unpursued he won't speed quite so much. The fun will be taken out of the chase. There won't be a triumph "worth the fine."

Speed limitation, then, producing reckless speeding, let it be abolished. Let chauffeurs be as rigorously controlled as stationary engineers, as to competency

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WEST END

and character. Let the wrecker of a car to-night be sure he won't be able to get another car to drive tomorrow morning. Let the car stealer be sure he will lose his card. Then we won't have any mad mullah chauffeuring on the streets, day or night.

And while the owners are about trying to win the good graces of the public they might well petition Gov. Folk to recommend a general State license, good in all cities and counties, for automobiles. At present there is a different fee in each county or city, and the cost of touring is unduly increased thereby. A State license is needed enabling a man to run his machine in any county in the State, the fees to go into a good roads fund and that fund to be apportioned to each county for road-making purposes, on the basis of the number of licenses there originating.

Kindly Caricatures

[71] Rev. J. T. Coffey

MOST famous of Catholic priests in St. Louis is Father James Thomas Coffey. But his brethren of the cloth secretly tremble for him, as well they may, having in mind what happened to the Fra Savonarola and the Fra Giordano Bruno, who took things too literally and undertook reforms without waiting for the word from "the men

higher up" in the Church. Even Theobald Matthew got in trouble for his temperance advocacy, in Ireland. For the Church doesn't fall out with powerful social, financial or political interests. It needs the money. Therefore, it is chary of that ruthless application of morality to the practical affairs of life which is apt to deplete the treasury.

Father Coffey has invited the lightning. He made war in his down town parish on saloons that were open to and frequented by women. Powerful politicians were interested in proteges of theirs who conducted those saloons. Big Catholic landlords didn't like to lose the rents of those saloons which Father Coffey of St. John's thundered against in his anti-wine-room crusade. He stirred up the town; he had police board members shaking in doubt whether to "pander to the better element," vocal through Father Coffey, or stick to the moll-joint keepers who had voters to deliver at the primaries; he had the Excise Commissioner on a similar hot griddle. The priest aroused the press, and the occupants of Protestant pulpits came out and supported him. His fellow priests were dumb. They shook their heads over Coffey. They prophesied disaster of him. They were the priests with a political tinge, with relatives in minor offices, with saloon-keeping parishioners who "coughed" liberally. They observed that he didn't seem to get much help archiepiscopal, and they were mostly sycophants to the man in purple with the

cross, crozier, mitre and ring. The best most of them could say was that they didn't like Coffey's mixing up with the Protestant preachers. Of course they didn't approve boozing or bawdry; but they didn't see the sense of warring on men or business, however disreputable, with a pull.

One day Father Coffey denounced Ed. Butler from the altar for his political shielding of the evils that polluted the parish. To this the daughter of the old political boss retorted publicly that the priest shouldn't take her father's money for the Church if her father was such a bad man, and it was said she talked of horsewhipping the clergyman. All was very quiet on this subject at the episcopal palace and in the various parish rectories. The wiser priests winked and thought something would happen. Father Coffey continued to fulminate. But Boss Butler was worth two or three millions. He gave liberally to the Church and the priests. And he had half a dozen millionaire Catholic associates who were likewise good for a "touch" when funds were low. And the brewers and liquor men generally when approached for a donation to this or that festival or fair or picnic—well they gave a little; they'd like to give more; but how could they if Father Coffey was to be permitted to go on hurting their business, and what was a priest of the good old liberal Catholic Church doing, anyhow, mixed up with a lot of blue nosed Yankee Protestant fanatics? It was clear that Father Coffey was hurting business—



Kindly Caricatures No. 71.

REV. J. T. COFFEY

the Church's business not less than the wine room rake-off. He had practically but one clerical supporter and that was Father Phelan, of the *Western Watchman*, able, fearless, eloquent, effective, but himself, because of his independence and originality, under suspicion as an *enfant terrible* and *mauvais sujet*, who'd, just as soon as not, and a little sooner, take a crack at an archbishop, any old day.

Something happened. Father Coffey was transferred from St. John's parish to St. Leo's, where there were and are no wine rooms. He took the pastorate vacated by the elevation of the mild and kind and beloved Jeremiah J. Harty to the archbishopric of Manila. It was an ideally politic change. It transferred Father Coffey to a post in which another man had become great, gave him control of the city's most prosperous parish, the one with the best free school, with the most social institutions for Catholic solidarity. It was no deposition of Father Coffey, but it got him

away from contact with the vile evil that he had fought. There was work enough in it to keep him so busy he couldn't get out and appear on the same platform with Protestant preachers. It got him out of his interference with business without making him recant and without laying the man at the top wide open to the accusation that he had humiliated Father Coffey because of his anti-liquor fight. 'Twas an exquisite piece of diplomacy, indeed. Father Coffey comes out occasionally against the liquor evil, but he isn't crusading with Protestant preachers and he isn't offending Catholic joint-keepers, Catholic landlords renting corners for joints, or Catholic millionaires in politics who need the joint-controlled vote in their business. And there he stays, but watched; oh yes, closely watched by his clerical colleagues, who don't let practical application of morality bother them.

Father Coffey is impractical, they say. The scarlet woman and the booze joint are older than the Church

and may outlast it. Why fight a thing or things so firmly fixed in man's nature? A beautiful argument, that would keep man mired in muck forever, if men didn't occasionally smash it to smithereens. But then the irate Father was only scattering the evil, whereas, localized as it was, it was more easily controlled and kept in check. There was something in this latter, the police view, with which the MIRROR sympathized at the time of the crusade as a counsel of moderation productive of results. Of course, though, one couldn't expect a priest of such fervor to stand for any "covenant with hell" like that. Those other priests who sneered at his work and hoped for its collapse—they were only contemptible sons of simony.

Father Coffey whose name makes the liquor interests writhe, even as does Folk's, is a man of mild manner. He has a style of intercourse soothing, and yet direct. In public speech his method is not oratorically ornate. His earnestness is powerful because so

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simple. A hearty man he is too, with little trace of the ascetic, and he loves manly sports and is quite a jolly chum with his parish boys. He is firm without being tyrannical, not a *shillelah soggarth* like some of the priests who truckle to the powers that Father Coffey fights. Nor does his piety oppress people. He makes it a part of all his deeds and does not lay stress upon it. In all his ways he is gentleness, and he accepts, but does not seek publicity. He gives no sign that he knows what a subtle atmosphere of opposition there is to him, even now, because of his antagonizing an interest to which so many in his church are tolerant if not sympathetic—the liquor interest. To meet him or talk with him ordinarily, you'd never think of him as a hot crusader, but take him for a man inclined to an ordered ease of study and round of duty. He isn't a great theologian. His religion is practical—so practical that it is called impractical when it makes some men feel uncomfortable. He doesn't grieve, apparently, that he is semi-silenced for his crusade against wine rooms. And he doesn't miss the *camaraderie* of that class of priests who preach the gospel in generalities, and after the important matter of the collections, take the world as it is. These typify the church rather better than he, because the church has always compromised with the Old Adam in men and institutions until he threatened the church's property or treasury or power—which makes the Catholic church the most liberal church in the world, to our thinking. Father Coffey is not wise. Proof! If he had been he wouldn't have allowed a lot of graft-fakirs to use his name in a popularity contest in order to increase the *Republic's* subscription lists, only to have the possibility of his victory force the brewers to vote in another man ahead of him, for moral effect upon the public and to avenge the damage he did them in closing up the wine-rooms,

and then to be left with a lot of subscriptions on his hands which he must sell at less than they cost him, to get back some of what his friends put up to elect him.

But is it well that priests and preachers be not too worldly wise. The wisdom of the world is largely sin, and shallowness of soul, and hardness of heart, and an itching of the palm, and a pride of the mind that makes for aloofness, and a spirit of compromise that blurs and intertangles standards. Father Coffey, sumptuously marooned as he is, viewed askance as one apt to appear to commit the church against its financial interests, has done a big work in St. Louis. He might not have done so well, if he had had more tact. He may have worried his superiors somewhat, but that's good for them, as it prevents their growing too superior. They're so apt to forget, in the purple, the people away down on the earth, walking amid the snares, the pitfalls and the gins. At least he had tact enough not to get as far to the bad with the purple ones as did McGlynn for fighting for the poor and lowly. And it is to his honor that men say it took the Catholic millionaires, the Catholic practical politicians and the whole plutocratic liquor pull to get him out of St. John's and into St. Leo's—more to his honor than to that of the authority that surrendered to that pull.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jen Wren:

GET into a rather amusing little escapade the other day long with an old flame of yours, Jane. He is a bachelor member of a big Washington avenue firm, and while not precisely hot stuff socially, since he never entertains nor goes to

balls and St. Louis Club dinners, yet he counts, for he's rich as you could ask. He is good looking, too, and likes sport. Only club he does belong to is that one up on the Burlington: the Field Club, they call it.

Well, Jen, you always do discover things—strange things—in some awfully commonplace way. At least, that's been my experience, and I've also learned that if you only keep your eyes open you will get a good deal more information for your money than you expected at the box office. Had one of my country bumpkin cousins with me the night it happened—that tall, lank Bob who, you always predicted would turn out a winner—and so he will when he gets his growth. Bob always brings me the news of his town—they've about one thousand people in it—down on the Iron Mountain—and Bob has rented his callow heart to a very dashing widow person who came there a year ago to live. Just why she did nobody seems quite to know, except that she got acquainted right off with the nice people in the place and is invited to all the afternoon thimble parties and the evening hot, indigestible suppers. The women mostly don't care much for her, since she touches up a good deal, and is too demure—the kind that won't let butter melt in her mouth—but she stays, and is popular after a fashion. Bob told me I ought to know her—says she comes to St. Louis regularly every Thursday night and stays till Monday morning—is taking music lessons—awful lot of practising, don't you think? Well, while Bob was in the midst of this very dissertation on the interesting widow lady,—we were driving north on Sarah street,—as I hunted for that gem of a little cheap dress-maker's changed address. We finally got on its trail and stopped the trap just in front of a row of flats. Bob got out to read the house number, as 'twas quite dusky, and I had to drive on a bit to get

out of the way of an auto that came puffing up. It stopped at the end of the flat row—neat, but very cheap-looking houses—and I saw it was the bachelor man with the money. He had a lady with him. Nobody that I knew, and anyway, I couldn't see her very well. They started up the steps just as Bob came down, and he met them face to face—then the bachelor unlocked the lower flat door and they went in. Bob came back and got into the trap looking kind of queer.

"Funny, awfully funny," he said, as we drove off. "What is?" I asked, wondering to myself some, over the bachelor's appearance in that part of town. "Why," said Bob, "that woman we just saw is the widow from our town, and this is Thursday night."

I nearly jumped out of the trap. Then I said, "Well, since you know the woman, I may as well tell you that I know the man." Then we both ceased to say more for a short, soulful time.

My sakes! but ain't the little girls going off like hot cakes this summer? Such a debutante rush for matrimony has never struck St. Louis before—and it all seems to be pretty good picking. Julia Wilson and young Prewitt; Helen Johnson and her Niedringhaus elopement; that pretty young slip of a girl who is a cousin of the Zach Tinkers—can't think of her name—oh, yes, Florence Hilby—she hasn't begun to come fully out as yet—the Tinkers were going to give a big ball for her this winter, but 'tis no use—and now and latest, Ruby Fullerton and her New York gent, who is just saturated with coin, Jane, so I hear—and the Fullertons have dead loads, too. Ruby didn't expect to be married until about a week ago—it was set for the fall—but George came on—that's his name, George Horton—and they decided to hurry up, and mebbe they didn't do some tall hustling, though. Ruby would be married in the regulation togs, so 'steen dressmakers went to work on the top floor of the Fullerton house—it was like Louise Rumsey's ante-nuptial preparations—and they managed to turn her out in very fine shape. They have gone to Paris, and don't care when they get back.

The George Scotts—she was Ruth Spencer—have moved to New York, taking Mrs. Jack Tennent with them—and I expect that it's not a bad idea for them all to get away from the scene of so much trouble and sorrow, plunging, busts, suicides and so forth. Why do good fellows always draw final bad luck?

We're getting to be very long on military weddings and engagements into the army, dearest. That rather stunning Florence Reynolds, who only got out of Mary Institute last June, and who, my conscience alive! Jane, seems like one of the infant class to us old stagers, is to marry a Lieutenant of the Eleventh Cavalry, George Grunert by name—and this makes the twelfth or so in the last year.

Florence's brother, you know, married Marjorie Oliver last year, and so Florence had the pick of the Des Moines regiment, where the Reynoldses are stationed. I hear that Grunert has considerable money besides his lieutenant's pay. Lucky. A rich city girl who married into the army and has to live from trunk to trunk and furnish her modest cot with Japanese fans for bric-a-brac and with the deadly weepers that belong to her husband for decorations, doesn't find life altogether unalloyed bliss for the first year or two, especially when the *kinder* begin to come along and army nurse girls cost money. I could tell you of the trials of a recent St. Louis bride who went to the Philippines, and the fun she didn't have. They are to come back soon, when the bride will pay mamma a long, long visit, and try to brace up a bit. This isn't Lotta Klemm Boyd, darling—Lotta is just reveling in adventures, and writing home diaries and things that are filled with genuine enjoyment—but then, mercy me! Capt. Boyd

has good pay, and came of a rich family in Philadelphia besides. And money can do a good many things, even in the Philippines.

All a mistake, me dear. Lieut. James Fechet, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is *not* going to marry the Ayres girl at the Barracks, or formerly at the Barracks. He *was*, it seems; but isn't. Don't know how the story got out, and into me ears, and the *Globe-Democrat* at the same time. It's sad. For Lieut. Fechet is going to marry some one else—Catherine Rosa Luhn, and she's a veritable peachiest peach, I do assure you, with lots of life and wit, too. Her brother is Lieut. William Luhn, Fifth Cavalry; and her father is Major Luhn, retired. Sorry the other story was spread. It hurt everybody concerned so much. But how the dickens did the story get out mixing up the girls who, I understand, are not at all miscible?

UNDERMUSLINS

Suggestions for the College and School Girl

In preparing the trunk for the season at school, the question of underwear is always a perplexing one.

The undergarments must be strong and so practical as to endure hard laundering.

They must be dainty even though there is the consideration of laundering.

Furthermore they must not be extravagant considering the supply that is needed and their hard usage.

For all these requirements we know none quite so practical or so satisfactory as the "French Hand-made."

For this particular demand we have made special preparations with garments and prices that will be of interest to all.

French Chemises

At 85 cents, French Percale, hand scallops and hand embroidered design across front.

At \$1.00, French Nainsook, scallops and hand eyelets drawn with ribbon.

At \$1.50, Sheer Nainsook, scallops, eyelets and elaborately embroidered across front.

French Drawers

At 98 cents, French Percale, hand tucks, briers and scalloped ruffle.

At \$1.50, French Longcloth, hand briers, and fancy hand scalloped ruffle.

At \$1.89, French Cambric, umbrella ruffle with deep hand scallops and nine hand dots in each scallop.

French Knee Skirt

At \$1.75, French Nainsook, hand hem and hand scalloped ruffle.

French Corset Covers

At \$1.50, Sheer Nainsook, with hand scallops and blind beading.

At \$1.75, French Nainsook, hand scallops, hand eyelets, drawn with ribbon and jewel design embroidered across front.

French Night Gowns

At \$2.25 French Longcloth, yoke of hand tucks with hand scalloped ruffle on cuffs, collar and down front.

At \$2.95, French Nainsook slipover, low round neck and elbow sleeves hand scalloped. The front hand embroidered.

French Petticoats

At \$2.25, the strongest kind of petticoat for hard wear. Percale with Spanish flounce, has double hem with heavy hand scallops and hand tucks.

At \$2.75, French Percale with hand scalloped Spanish flounce and nine hand dots in each scallop.

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A new Scientific, Chemical Preparation, guaranteed absolutely harmless, for the absolute and quick removal of Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, etc., leaving the skin soft, white and healthy.
THE OXYGEN DOES IT.

Send for sample.

THE NATROX PHARMACAL CO.
315 Century Bldg. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Mrs. Bob Sturgeon is going to be divorced. We are not surprised. There is much interest in the case at Jefferson Barracks, where she was a frequent visitor and a most interesting one. There was always a crush around Mrs. Bob wherever she was and especially during and at the World's Fair. Wasn't it just too tragic, her writing two notes to two pro-



Summer in the Ozarks.

Where is your Family this Summer?

At some distant resort beyond your reach, or at home with you in the heat of town? Either way, it's a poor choice. But there's a better way. **Get a home in the Ozarks.** Your family will find there every attraction that makes a summer outing delightful and you can be with them every Saturday and Sunday.

Along the Frisco Line from St. Louis to Springfield are the Meramec, Gasconade, Big Piney and other streams which have many beautiful spots for Summer Homes. They are but a few hours' ride from St. Louis. Just the thing for the business man—at a very small expense he can be at his summer resort every Saturday afternoon and Sunday during the summer.

Take a trip over the line next Saturday and look over the country. The service is convenient and the rates are cheap.

Fishermen's Special Saturday Afternoon.

Leave St. Louis Union Station at 2:45 p. m. and Tower Grove at 2:55 p. m., and stops at all resorts between St. Louis and Jerome. Round-trip week-end tickets are sold for this train at greatly reduced rates and are good returning on regular trains Sunday and Monday, also on special train Sunday evening.



For information about the country, what it costs to buy or lease land, build a cottage, etc., write or call upon

F. J. DEICKE, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept.

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posals on the same day and putting the acceptance in the envelope addressed to the rejected suitor, and then not having the heart to tell the recipient of the acceptance note that it was all a mistake? The thing has been expected, ever since when on their honeymoon the groom was badly injured in a fall. I send you the full story from the *Post-Dispatch*.

That stylish Sadie Liebke is out in Colorado Sorings cutting some dashes, so the Highleymans tell me. Oh, yes, my dear child, you do know the Highleymans. They are the most hotelly people in town, except, I guess, the Handlans. Used to live at Hotel Beers for years, then crossed the street to the Grand Avenue and from there they went west to the Buckingham, Washington and Hamilton. They can give you more points on "hotel life as she is spoke" in St. Louis than any other pair I know. Mrs. H. is a tall, very dressy, and quite stylish woman, with handsome jewelry. She is awfully popular in the card clubs, and gives card parties in the morning, which means, dearest, that you are an expert. Mr. H. is rich and don't care much—rather a plain and dignified gentleman—he jumped into considerable publicity several months back. Surely you recall the woman who was forcibly ejected from the White House? Well, she was some way related to him; I think she had been his first wife—and so the hateful papers had to ask his opinion as to whether he liked the ejectment or not—now, doesn't that fire your soul with deep disgust? So when the H.'s got

back and started in to let me know who was the whole Camembert in Colorado this summer, they spoke feelingly of Sadie Liebke—she and her father, an orful splendid white-haired military-shouldered man—he goes to the best tailor in town, Jane. She and he are out there, and Sadie just flung papa's money right and left on dinner parties and coaching parties and camping junkets to catch trout—and other slippery things. But I do believe that Eddie Noonan is already caught—saw 'em late in the spring kind of strolling along Lindell avenue one damp and dewy eve, and their backs had that settled and comfortable look which you can always detect in even a rear view of the engaged. Eddie is awfully handsome, and we'd like it better if he would conceal it more—but, dearest ducky, I know it is hard to keep down the fact that you walk straighter than other chaps and have a more—er—Grecian nose. Sadie is pretty, dashing and strong on the looks herself. She is decidedly intense, too. Used to have a terrible crush on poor Charlie Humphrey years ago—their friends said they were engaged at the time of his death—or just about to be, but you can't believe all that your dearest friends conceal from the public. They've been saying now for three years that Minnie Scott is engaged to some elderly man on the South Side—and the youngest daughter of a wealthy iron manufacturer who married the spend-thrift son in an old family, has left her husband, and that Robert Brookings is ready to marry any nice girl who looks his way, and that Violet Pierce,—H. Clay's daughter, you

know,—will come out in St. Louis society some fine day, and you can just make up your little mind right now and here that none of it is a goin' to happen.

By the Great Horn Spoon, Jane, I heard the most cracking story this week on Ned Thomas and his wife, who was Linda Lee, of Louisville, and used to come over here a lot before she was married. They live in New York now, and Ned is the biggest bug in that sporty Newport set. He was here with a string of horses World's Fair year—owned the racer Hermis then and still does. Well, sir, Ned or "Edward R.," as the *Social Register* says, started West this summer—it was in June on a flying business trip to Cincinnati, and Linda came along—you always need genial society when you go to Cincinnati, darling—I've spent several days there, and I know what I'm talking about. Linda is awfully flossy, with a real French maid, and can't leave town over night without six trunks and a hat box—so they put up at one of the swagger hotels—if there are any in Cinti—and stayed three days. They left in a great hurry, went further West in their private car, and then Ned had to stop in Cincin. again on the way back, while Linda went straight to Newport. They dismissed their French maid en route, for she got careless—didn't pack well, and Linda kept missing things. Among other important belongings which turned up absent was a pair of fifty-dollar, pale pink, hand-embroidered-in-rosebuds Paris corsets, the pride



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WITH eyes black or brown and tresses of like color your skin requires Carmen Powder.

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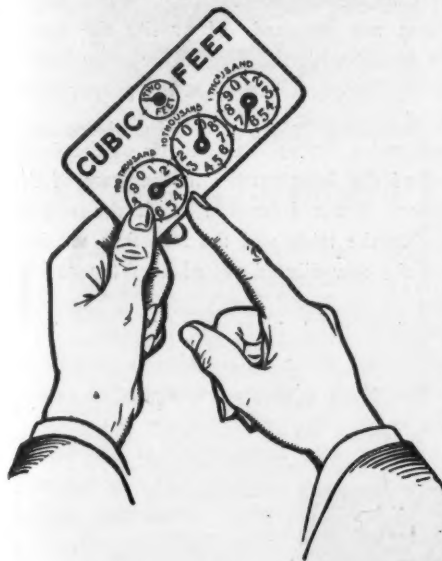
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You can check the amount of gas used every day.

You can test your meter and see the absurdity of your meter registering when no Gas is being used.

Satisfy yourself that all the burners in the house are closed, then examine your meter and see if it is registering while you are looking at it.

If you think the meter refuses to register simply because you are looking at it, just mark the exact location of the hand on the "two feet" dial and go away and leave it for an hour or so, but don't burn any Gas while you are waiting. Then go back and see if the hands have changed.

You can't check a load of coal because you are not equipped with scales, but you can tell exactly

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Gas Ranges \$15.00 and \$17.00, payable \$1.00 monthly with gas bill. Delivered and connected free. See Ranges at your nearest dealer or our salesrooms.

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of Linda's life—and when she went to hunt for them in Kansas City—and try to look terribly swell one night—the maid being gone—the French imported could not be found. Linda was in tears, even if her husband is a millionaire. But there was nothin' doin'. She had an idea that they might have been left in Cincin. so when Ned went back there she told him to be sure and ask the hotel people if they found the pinks in the rooms the Thomases had occupied. Ned forgot all about it until he went to pay his bill, and then he casually remarked to the clerk: "By the way, my wife thinks she left a pair of pink corsets in her room when we were here three weeks ago. You didn't see anything of them, did you?"

The clerk turned a shade of rainbow colors. This is where the story begins to read like "Reel Romance," or a chapter from High Life. Jane, it's most too sensational to be true, but I swear it is every word of it—the clerk I say, paled and pinked by turns—then he grabbed Thomas by the arm and said, "For heaven's sake, don't you stir from this spot until I can find a man who just registered here today." And Ned, much mystified, didn't stir. The man was found, a very sad-looking individual, who was even more flabbergasted than the hotel clerk when he was told about the pink corset loss. He fell on Ned's neck, and just had a fit of the willies right then and there. When they got him somewhat calmed down, he spoke in faint and tearful tones and

said to Ned: "Man, you've saved my life. My wife is suing me for a divorce over those damned pink corsets. I went home with them about three weeks ago in my trunk. I'm a traveling man for Umpty Umph Brothers, and I had to catch a train in a hurry one night, so got one of the chambermaids in this hotel to pack my trunks for me. Just told her to put in everything in the room that she found. You see, I had your rooms, and so that girl stuffed those blankety blank corsets in with all my personal belongings in a small trunk that always goes out home when I reach Columbus. My wife unpacked it—and you—can guess the rest. She brought suit last week, and I'm too broken up to contest. Say, but you're the Johnny life-saver all right," and then the traveling man had another cat fit, and it all ended with more rounds of drinks than you can count, Jane. The traveling man had telegraphed and been all round the country pretty near looking for the fellow who had stayed in the hotel rooms before him, and the clerks couldn't help him any because the Thomases were in their car and hadn't left any address. Finally, the traveling man drifted back to Cincinnati in the vain hope that something might turn up—and it did. Ain't that great? And Linda got back her pets, after all.

From away out in Bellingham, Washington, comes a card of the marriage of Antoinette Ewald, daughter

of Mrs. Clara Bouvier Ewald, to Mr. Henry Taylor Hill. I hear, too, that Miss Clara Ewald is engaged to Dr. Walter S. Hoen, U. S. N., Pacific Coast Squadron. Some people will be pained to know how well the Ewald's are getting on—the people I mean, whose consciences must reproach them for the way they treated Jake Ewald's family after his reverses and death.

Dear Homer Bassford you must have met in Paris, practicing his Berlitz French. He has been with Mr. Bryan, but really is only a chronicler of the greatness of Dave Francis and Bud Dozier. He don't tell us much of Breck Jones, but I hear that Breck is a great hit in the salons. He tells us much in the *Republic*, however, about the Koehlers, Limbergs, Fausts, Buschs and all that set at Ma'ienbad where you go when your liver is "in bad," which is equivalent to being "all out." Do toddle around to see Homer, and show him the sights and make him sing "Au Clair de la Lune" for you, and find out whether he's really coming back to the *Republic*. I hear he isn't. It is said he was all solid with Charlie Knapp until the *MIRROR* gave him a gorgeous send off in one of its "kindly caricatures," which I sent you at the time. When you see Adele Armstrong in Paris, too, just mention that a certain bachelor with a pink complexion is a perfect wreck with lonesomeness this summer.

BLUE JAY.



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to enjoy a share in the extra satisfaction we are giving the patrons who send their laundry work to us. If you wish the kind of laundry work that will give you real satisfaction, send your package to us. Our wagon will call anywhere in the city.

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Academy of Deportment and Dancing reopens second last week in September, both places. Send for extra circular.

The Conservatories Halls to Rent for Entertainments of Every Description for Moderate Terms.



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Campbell's Forest Home

An Ideal Place for Roadside Rest, Recreation and Refreshment

WHEN you go out for a spin in your automobile or behind your fine high stepper, in St. Louis, you have "no place to go," if you don't belong to a swell country club. There's no attractive stopping place on any of the country roads for a sup or a snack, no place that is run on strictly high-class principles, combining elegance of service with some exclusiveness that yet permits of some view of the other people who are likewise outing.

There *was* no such place we should say. There is now.

Campbell's Forest Home is the only broadly designed and properly conducted roadside inn that has offered its comfort and cheer to St. Louisans within the memory of the present generation. It is a resort for all people and nothing attaches to its purpose or manner of administration that savors of the unpleasant suggestion conveyed in the lower sense of the term "roadhouse." It is a resort for people who know how and want to behave themselves.

The Home rises in the midst of a beautiful grove, just east of Bellevue avenue and south of the Clayton road in St. Louis County. The grove of some fifteen acres is entered by a roadway over a beautiful rustic bridge the approach to which is marked out by two electric towers visible for miles in the surrounding country. The illustration of the Home structure, herewith presented, conveys a better idea than could many words, of its character. The piazza spaciously broad is screened against insects in summer. It will be glazed against the winds and properly heated in winter. On the main floor is a large public dining-room beautifully decorated and illuminated, back of that a cosy bar and a kitchen large enough to accommodate a county convention, and appointed to perfection with all the machinery for the cuisine. Above are private dining-rooms, well lighted, well ventilated, and ornamented in accordance with the refined requirements of the better taste of the day in decorations. In the basement are bowling alleys, the cold storage department, etc. In the third floor is a commodious billiard hall. The Home is beautifully and even sumptuously equipped as to lavatories, dressing-rooms, etc.

Stable room for horses and vehicles is amply provided back of the Home and also a garage with a fully equipped repair shop for automobiles and a restaurant for chauffeurs, coachmen, etc.

In the foreground of the place which is all in a state of but slightly modified wildness there is a lake for boating and fishing and away back of the stables, the sheds and the garage lie the greater part of fifteen acres of primeval forest which the management purposes using for picnic grounds. Through this lush grove winds a deep and picturesque ravine and on its banks

to-day one can note the strawberry vines and the blackberry bushes. Rustic pavilions are constructed here and there, and in these the picnickers can be served edibles and potables from the great and spotlessly clean kitchen.

To all intents and purposes, Campbell's Forest Home is a new and properly equipped club for all those persons who do not belong to the Country Club, the Log Cabin Club, the Algonquin or any other of the many ultra-exclusive resorts that dot the beautiful county. And it is a resort calculated to attract even those aforesaid exclusives on their way to or from their clubs or their country homes. It is a refuge that will be most welcome from the glare and dust and heat of the road. It is the first stop on the way out that anyone can make with self-respect, and it is the last stop on the way in, about five minutes from the Western entrance to Forest Park. One may drive in at an entrance to the West on Bellevue avenue, when eastward bound, and "at the sign of the electric towers,"

sine but the best in meats, sea-food, pastry. Nothing in the art of adding to gusto by the details of preparation or service is unknown to his staff. Nothing procurable at any first-class hotel or cafe is missing from the larder of Campbell's Forest Home. The wines and liquors that are standards of quality the world over are here served with the proper accompaniments and at the proper temperature and at the proper place in the course of the repast.

All the vegetables, the milk and many of the fruits are a product of the farm-garden to the west of the Home structure. Fresh from the earth the vegetal delicacies pass to the table and the milk has not had all memory of the cow diluted out of it or frozen into forgetfulness.

From the piazza and from the windows of the upper dining rooms there is always an enchanting prospect of rural scenery which for quality of charming tranquility is not surpassed anywhere in the world, because there is no city anywhere that has for its

setting or background such beautiful natural, wild landscape effects as are to be found in St. Louis county. The wonder is why the place wasn't discovered and utilized in this manner before. The fact is, that the place is the man—Mr. Campbell, cosmopolite, wit, humorist, and connoisseur in the art of cheerful living. When the travelers on the Clayton road find the place they declare their enthusiasm unrestrainedly. It is all such a happy combination of city facilities and comforts and country effects that soften the modernity with the wafts of Nature which are new to most urban dwellers.

All there is of the place and its contents that the patron may absorb unto himself is at his service at anything but sky-scraper prices. The Home is not exclusively for the moguls. The prices are on the

ordinary city scale for like service and quality of goods. You don't have to own an automobile, a two-minute trotter, or a four-in-hand, or a tally-ho to get there. The Market street cars pass the door. You can order your wishes filled by calling up Bell phone Benton 566, and the banquet board will be spread when you appear.

Campbell's Forest Home is a place where you can take your family for a day's outing among the trees, as well as for a dinner in the main hall of the house or on the piazza. It is conducted in every respect in strictest accord with the rules which should prevail in any resort of ladies and gentlemen. It is commodious enough to enable the association together of those who want to associate together and to allow the separation of those who don't want to associate with anybody.

Campbell's Forest Home is something new for St. Louisans. It will in every way merit their patronage.



CAMPBELL'S FOREST HOME.

over the rustic bridge, when westward bound. It is a place to go to for itself, even more than it is an incidental stopping place on journeys having other destinations. It is quiet and it is elegant, the quiet mitigated agreeably by a fine orchestra at all times. It is the ideal and idyllic place for a country breakfast or country dinner, the only place where one can assuage thirst without the possibility of being up against the awful stuff that is handed out at the mile-houses along the St. Louis county roads.

Mr. George Campbell, the proprietor, is an experienced caterer and an interesting man personally. He has studied the entertaining of the discriminating public in most big cities, American and European. With the assistance of his wife and one of the best chefs in the West he is prepared to set before any party, however particular, a meal that cannot be surpassed in any resort in the epicurean centers of New York, New Orleans or San Francisco. Nothing enters into the cui-



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Every suiting from the great Porter Mills. Every suiting exclusive. Every suiting limited to one suit for the entire city.

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Beginning August 27th, Colonists' tickets will be sold to California and Mexico points at exceptionally low rates:

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One feature of A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottled beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

Dramatic

"Thorns and Orange Blossoms," a dramatization of Bertha M. Clay's story is on view at the Imperial this week. Edna Earlie Linden plays the heroine, and is a rather distinguished looking one, at that. Beatrice Fairfax also displays much ability and charm of manner, and J. J. Kirk makes an impressive sprig of English nobility. Next week: "The Phantom Detective."

The "frolics" of "The Twentieth Century Maids" at the Standard this week are given a decided tone by the singing of Toma Hanlon. Other interesting people on the bill are: Ritter and Foster, dancers and vocalists; Joseph K. Watson, Hebrew impersonator; Martin and Diamond in a farce, and Cornalia and Eddie in acrobatics. Next week: "Imperial Burlesquers."

Charles Barton and Bert Walker have no difficulty rousing the risibles of the Gayety patrons this week. The Rice and Barton show is a gingery offering. The "Two Married Bachelors," a really clever farce, is capitally done by the company. The olio features are also acceptable, especially the Ashtons, jugglers. Next week: "The City Sports."

Augustus Thomas' play, "Arizona," which opened the Grand's season Sunday, still possesses the haymaking qualities so vital to revivals. Thomas Herne as *Sergt. Keller*, Edward J. Farrell as *Lieut. Denton*, and Clarence Heritage as a United States army officer, are easily the best of the capable cast. Next week: "Behind the Mask."

At the Suburban, "Barbara Frietchie" is the attraction. Miss Fealy is a young pretty, charming and brave *Barbara*, and Walter Edwards' Union soldier is also a treat. Of others in the cast, with the exception of Walter Gilbert, Perla Landers and Lisle Leigh—well, it is better to forget 'em. Next week: "Walter Edwards in "David Garrick."

There is a whole lot of breadth to the comedy of "1492," and the patrons and players at Delmar are having lots of fun out of it. The show continues at Delmar until the season's end.

The Hawaiian musicians are still great favorites at Forest Park Highlands. In the pavilion one of the best vaudeville shows of the season is being given.

Joseph Sheehan, the tenor, is as much a welcome change at the Alps as was Franko. Thursday night the members of the United Irish Societies will be out to hear him in a special program. Friday night's bill will contain some of the sweetest of the Wagner compositions, and Saturday night Director Franko will present a card of popular music. Next week come the Tyrolean singers and Rennie Petersen.

The Olympic Theater will enter upon its fortieth season next Sunday night, presenting "The Wizard of Oz." A company of thoroughly good performers will be seen in the production, new music numbers, and other new features

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will be introduced. A special matinee will be given Labor Day.

The Century season opens next Sunday night. The attraction is James O'Neill, in the oft-enacted but ever fascinating "Monte Cristo." The producing company this season is a well-balanced one. A special matinee will be given Labor Day, Monday.

"Brown, of Harvard," which opens

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the season at the Garrick next Sunday night is said to be a very good college play. Prominent in the cast are Henry Woodruff, J. Heron Miller, Douglas Wood and Arthur Shaw. A special matinee will be given Labor Day.

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Colorado's Great September Celebration

Pike Centennial Programme.

Sunday, September 23—Appropriate services in all churches in the State commemorative of the highly moral and religious life of Pike.

Monday, September 24—Military Day—Parade of U. S. troops, G. A. R. veterans, Spanish-American war veterans, National Guard, cadets and patriotic societies polo tournament in afternoon and military reception in evening by Gov. Jesse F. McDonald.

Tuesday, September 25—Pioneer Day—Exercises by early settlers under auspices of pioneer societies of State. Golf tournament in afternoon and reception to pioneers in evening.

Wednesday, September 26—Historical Day—Civic and Industrial parade, illustrating progress of State. Uncovering of great tablet on summit of Pike's Peak under auspices of Colorado College. National historians to participate. Polo and golf tournaments in the afternoon; receptions in evening.

Thursday, September 27—Pike Day—Unveiling of huge granite block in Antlers Park, rendition of Centennial Ode by chorus of one thousand voices. Daughters of Revolution and Federal clubs of state to participate. Military review in afternoon and reception to government officials, diplomats, attaches, etc., in evening.

Friday September 28—Colorado Day—Parade of military veterans, Indians, cowboys, fraternal societies, patriotic societies, etc. Automobile endurance run from Denver to Colorado Springs. Evening reception to prominent citizens of State.

Saturday, September 29—Centennial Day—Military demonstrations, automobile maneuvers, reunion Sons of Colorado and other patriotic societies. Grand illumination of Pike's Peak and fireworks in city parks in evening.



Colorado and the nation will honor themselves during the last week in September, when they unite in honoring the memory and achievements of that intrepid soldier and explorer, Gen. Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who, 100 years ago, with his little band of faithful followers blazed the trail to the frontier from the East for the gold-seeking and other pioneers of the wilderness who followed. The celebration is to be both civic and military, will take place at beautiful Colorado Springs, and will be on a scale never before attempted in the West. All the features of the programme for each of the six days will be carried out in the open,

and will be free to the public. Colorado's citizens, as well as the United States Government, have taken an unusual interest in the great event, and thousands of people are expected to make the journey, since by doing so they can at once witness one of the greatest spectacles of the kind ever arranged in the West, and visit many of the famous resorts of Colorado,



Sultan Mountain.

which lie all about the spot that marked the arrival of Gen. Pike.

The occasion for the celebration is the centennial anniversary of the discovery by Gen. Pike of the "great White Mountain," which bears his name, and the exercises to be held in honor of the great traveler and son of the wilderness, will form an allegorical picture of the progress that has been

to have 10,000 regular troops of all arms, participate in the great civic parade, and other military features of the programme.

And the Interior Department has added a feature which will prove as unique as it is appropriate. It has ordered that representatives of every tribe of Indians with whom Gen. Pike came in contact in the course of his tedious and perilous travels shall take part in the great parade, and this alone will add a picturesqueness to the festival that could not otherwise be given it. The appropriateness of the Indians'

great peak that was a source of such awe and admiration to the leader, and it is even thought his eyes may have looked upon the huge boulder that is now to do him honor as he trudged over the flinty foothills, beside dizzy precipices, to gain the top of Cheyenne Mountain, fifteen miles from the peak that his eyes feasted upon.

Gen. Pike didn't have any enduring faith in the country through which he had traveled. The great barren plains which he had seen for the first time staggered him, but when he at last came among the towering peaks of the Rockies and gazed about him over the corrugated scene from Cheyenne Mountain, he became convinced that the wilderness was devoid of all means of sustenance for the human being, and at once declared it would ever be a barrier to the expansion of the country. No one could dwell in that land of "desolation," he concluded.

And as he stood on Cheyenne's summit and took in the majestic rise of the great white peak fifteen miles away, as he stood with two followers, waist deep in snow, in an atmosphere below zero, is it any wonder that he concluded that no human being could scale the loftier heights beyond? But what a change a century has wrought. Were Gen. Pike to again visit this scene of his achievement he could scarcely believe his eyes. Standing on Cheyenne Mountain he would see a steam railroad, the highest in the world, climbing the heights he deemed unsurmountable. And a still greater source of awe to him than his first view of Pike's Peak would be to learn that 100,000 tourists yearly ascend to the very topmost rock of the peak that he thought no man could climb. And instead of the desolate grandeur of the peak among the clouds, that he knew he would see almost any fair day thousands of persons enjoying the view from its snow-crowned head.

What the engineers and science have done in the Pike's Peak cog road, has also been accomplished in the once lonely plains with their roaming herds of buffalo, which appealed to the explorer's imagination as the dead line between civilization and the wilderness. Where once there were bleak, barren and gleaming stretches reaching away as far as the eye could reach, are now fertile farms and orchards, all the result of the genius and skill of the sturdy pioneers who followed the trail of Pike and carved their homes and fortunes out of the wilderness he was the first to penetrate.

Surely the State of Colorado has advanced with wonderful strides in this Pike Peak region, in the century that has elapsed since that November day when Gen. Pike made his advent. No more romantic spot for such a celebration as the people of the nation and Colorado in particular, are going to give in honor of Gen. Pike's deeds, could be imagined. The gorgeousness of the mountain scenery alone makes a trip to the Pike's Peak Centennial celebration worth while, even were there to be no sham battle among the mountains, where the rattle of the big guns



Wagon Wheel Gap.

made in the region of Pike's Peak in the last 100 years.

The United States Government will take a large part in the exercises during the week, and through it the celebration will derive some of its most unique and distinguishing features.

The War Department has arranged

Even the monument to his memory, that is to be unveiled in Antler's Park, has a special significance. The huge stone of many tons is just as nature fashioned it, save for the carving that will decorate its four sides. It was taken from the path which Gen. Pike and his followers trod on their way toward the

and the rifles will be a paean of joy to the memory of the explorer and soldier. But the sham battle will take place, and there will be other military manoeuvres, drills, etc., golf, polo and automobile tournaments, real war dances by the Indians, cowboy sports and competitions and many other features that will add to the historical character of the occasion and give strength to the allegorical picture of the whole.

The plan to celebrate the achievements of the illustrious Pike in Colorado had its inception as long ago as ten years, and since that time the idea

the Mexican Mountains, as he styled the Rockies. Prior to this he had explored the Mississippi to its source, and the Arkansas and Platte rivers, as well, secured valuable data and information which he embodied in reports to his government, and making treaties as he traveled with the Indian chiefs whom he met.

The journey on which he discovered the Peak was the second that he made under orders from the government. He had previously traced the head waters of the Mississippi to their source, gathering valuable data for the government,

peak was November 27th, 1806, when Pike and two followers climbed to the top of a mountain some fifteen miles from the Peak.

Pike wrote in his diary that the great white mountain seemed to be as high again as the mountain he had climbed, and that it would be impossible for a human being to reach the summit. The snow on the mountain that Pike climbed was "middle deep" and the thermometer registered six degrees below zero at the minimum.

Leaving this scene, Pike returned to the Arkansas River at a point where Pueblo now is, continuing his journey into the mountains, thence to New Mexico, where he was captured by the Spaniards. Hardships of every description were suffered by the party before being placed in captivity at Santa Fe. Two of the men had to be abandoned and left to their fate in the hills. They were given a small supply of provisions with the assurance that they would be rescued if the rest of the party found a haven of safety and rest. Pike saw that the promise was kept, and, more dead than alive, the stricken pair were brought into Santa Fe by the Spanish soldiers.

The remains of the distinguished young soldier-explorer lie at Madison Barracks, New York, where they were interred with military honors nearly a century ago. A modest shaft marks the resting place of Pike, and a number of the soldiers who were killed with him. On his body were found two sentences, dedicated to his son: "Preserve your honor free from blemish," and "Be always ready to die for your country."

Colorado Springs, that beautiful mountain resort, nestling almost at the feet of Pike's Peak, is to be the scene of the chief features of the celebration. Nearby is the famous Stratton Park, a

tains beyond a most formidable and trying task.

Colorado Springs is the central point of the Pike Peak region. It has always been famous as a resort. It is a city of 35,000 inhabitants and contains as many palatial homes as many cities of greater size and age. In Colorado Springs most of the wealthy mine owners of the Crip-



In Perry Park.

has grown, until it has assumed the proportions of what promises to be one of the greatest spectacles the West has ever seen. A study of the programme for each of the six days, September 23 to 29, shows that the military features predominate. The opening day will be devoted to this feature, since soldiery most nearly represent Gen. Pike and his achievements. Then there will be a Pioneer day, illustrative of "the days of '49," when the cry of gold brought the sentinel peak of the Rockies into world prominence, and a Colorado day to typify the industries, commerce, agriculture and mining as they are to-day.

Gen. Pike, in whose honor the great celebration has been arranged was one of the most picturesque and honorable patriots, soldiers and explorers. No biographer has yet done his memory or his deeds justice, but his own records of his travels, discoveries and achievements among the men of the wilderness, constitute a book of the most interesting description. Gen. Pike inherited his love for the life of a soldier and explorer. His ancestry for generations had been soldiers or travelers, and he inherited also the indomitable courage and keen intelligence necessary to overcome the obstacles an explorer must necessarily have encountered in the wilderness in his time. He was contemporaneous with Lewis and Clark, and as famous as they for his patriotic zeal in behalf of his country and the splendor of his achievements. He was held in the highest regard by the government, and whenever any particularly important task involving entrance into the wilds was required Gen. Pike was invariably the choice of his superiors for the task. He was executing one of these government commissions to determine the character and value of the Louisiana Purchase territory, when he crossed the wilds into what is now Colorado, and came upon

making treaties with the Indians and making notes on the British occupation of small settlements.

His second journey was to take him through the then unexplored territory of Louisiana. The government wished to know more about the vast tract of land that it was buying from Spain, and Pike was selected to supply this information.

With a little party composed of a squad of private soldiers, a physician, guides, Indians and horses, Pike started from St. Louis in July. He was a first lieutenant at the time, but was promoted to a captaincy during the following months. He was not notified of his promotion until a long while af-



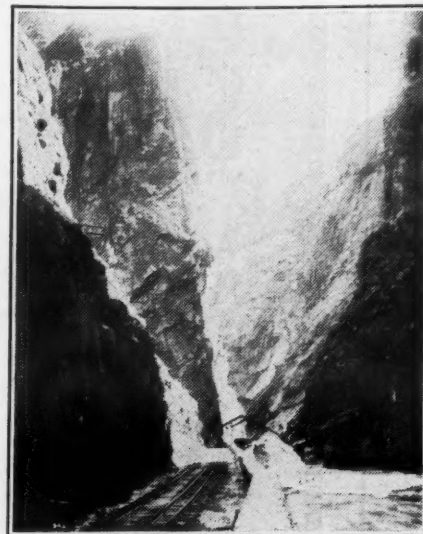
Pike's Peak From Colorado Springs.

terward, hence the discoverer of Pike's Peak is usually alluded to as lieutenant, rather than as captain which he really was at the time, or as general, which he became shortly before his death.

The condition of the little party was becoming rather desperate when, on November 15, the "Mexican Mountains" were sighted from the banks of the Arkansas river in Western Kansas. Three cheers were given and Pike determined to press on to the "great white peak."

The nearest the party came to the

veritable mountain fairyland, that was presented to Colorado City by the late millionaire mine owner, Myron S. Stratton. Through this park the early explorer, if he were again amid the scenes of his triumphs, would pass on his way to famous Pike's Peak. Here, no doubt, he and his men did rest to view the glories of the surrounding scenery, to slake their thirst at some cool spring, and to shake out the pebbles and dust that littered their mocassins and threatened to make their progress on moun-



The Royal Gorge, Colorado.

ple Creek gold district have made their homes and fortunes have been spent in beautifying the city and its several surrounding parks. The founders of Colorado Springs set posterity a good example in the lavish hand they displayed; its streets are 100 feet wide and its avenues 140. The residence sites are laid out in the same generous plan with shade trees and well-kept lawns on every hand. Its hotels, business blocks and splendid public buildings are such as few cities of its size can boast; the Mining Exchange building, the Court House, and new City Hall being worthy of special mention. Six banks assist in handling the wealth and business of the city, their deposits aggregating ten million dollars.

The choice of Colorado Springs as the place for the celebration, was a wise one, since travelers from this point find other famous resorts, such as Pueblo and Manitou easily accessible. And on almost any side may be found that tumultuous beauty of scenery that so charmed the eye of Gen. Pike. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, which touches all points of interest in Colorado, is the great scenic route of the West, traversing gorges, crossing canyons and going around the sides of mountains. This system's connections with the Missouri Pacific forms the best route to the scene of Pike's Colorado triumphs and the hundreds of other interesting scenes of grandeur in Colorado, as well as all famous resorts. Direct connections are made by the two systems, and the train service is palatial and thoroughly modern throughout. Those who desire to take in the great spectacle at Colorado Springs next month will find the rates reasonable and traffic arrangements perfect.

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